The Weſt-Country Wooing:

OR, The Merry Conceited Couple.

In Pleaſant Tearms he lets her know his mind, | And put him off with many a ſlye Evaſion:
And fairly wooes her, for to make her kind: | But finding at the laſt his Love wa Conſtant,
At firſt ſhe ſeemed coy to his perſwaſion, | Her heart ſhe did reſign from that ſame inſtant.

To the Tune of, When Sol will caſt no light: Or, My pretty little rogue.

My Joy and on'y Dear,
come ſit down by me,
For thou ſha't plainly hear
I mean to try thee:
If thou canſt love a Lad
bliſh, young and lively,
I'le make thy heart full glad,
thou ſhalt live finely.

Thy pretty rowling eye,
and waſt ſo ſlender,
Thy forehead ſmooth and high,
thy lips ſo tender;
Hath ſo enſnar'd my heart,
that I muſt love thee,
Therefore I'le not depart,
till pitty move thee.

Alas kind Sir, ſhe ſaid,
what hath poſſeſt ye,
For to delude a Maid,
be not ſo hatty;
Your flattering words that's paſt,
can no ways move me,
For to repent at laſt,
or yield to love ye.

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The Second part, to the ſame Tune.

WE know that young-men can
cog, lie, and flatter,
And make vows, now and than,
to mend the matter:
With ſuch ſlights cunningly,
they do deceive us,
Brings us to beggery,
and then they leave us.

Fear not my dear (quoth he)
that I diſſemble,
Or that ſuch falſe young-men
I do reſemble:
I have both houſe and land,
good Gold and riches,
And all at thy command,
pray mark my ſpeeches.

Your houſe and land perhaps
you think may move me,
But I fear after-clapps,
If I ſhould love ye:
Therefore my Maiden-head
I will make much on't,
For ne'r a falſe young-man
ſhall have a touch on't.

O ſtay my Love, he ſaid,
make further tryal,
Be not ſo reſolute
in your denial;
Fear not but you ſhall find
I will content thee,
And bravely pleaſe thy mind,
none ſhall prevent me.

What pleaſure can a Maid
findin your dealing,
When you her kindneſs think,
not worth concealing.

Young-men are apt to blab,
what's done in private,
And well I underſtand
what 'tis you drive at.

My pretty Rogue, he ſaid,
do not misdoubt me,
Why ſhould you live a Maid,
and think I flout ye?
In my Love, I promiſe
for to perſever,
And ſeal it with a kiſs,
to laſt for ever.

If that you love as much
as you profeſs it,
And that your truth is ſuch,
as you expreſs it;
Quoth ſhe take hand and heart
and uſe your pleaſure,
For I will never part
from ſuch a treaſure.

O how it joys my mind,
(quoth he) my jewel,
That thou wilt now be kind,
and no more cruel;
Venus that Goddeſs ſhe
will ſmile to know it,
How we in love agree,
when we ſhall ſhew it.

So from that happy hour,
they were united,
And to a pleaſant Bower
he her invited:
Where they with ſport and play,
kindly imbracing,
There paſt the time away,
Lovers Joys tracing.

FINIS.

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